

The Evening Herald.

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BIG BUSINESS AHEAD.

IT APPEARS that few Albuquerque people fully appreciate the importance of the predictions made by Frank A. Hubbell at the Commercial club dinner last week in course of his notable ten-minute speech on the sheep industry in New Mexico. It was a speech made up of terse statistics; hard facts that established the sheep industry as the most important producer of generally distributed cash in New Mexico. The speaker showed that the sheep industry brought into the state \$12,000,000 in cash last year, and that it probably will bring in more before this season's selling ends; that it gives constant employment to 10,000 workmen and in certain seasons to 20,000; and that it is susceptible of further important development and extension.

For Albuquerque, however, the most important statement was that concerning the immediate development of sheep feeding on a large scale in the Rio Grande valley immediately tributary to this city. Mr. Hubbell predicts that within four years there will be 200,000 sheep in feeding pens in this valley and 40,000 cattle. In ten years he asserts this number will have increased to 600,000 sheep, with a material increase in cattle. But the sheep at a minimum of \$1 a head when delivered at market mean an income to the men who feed them of \$4,000,000 a season; the bulk of which is spent for labor, feed, equipment and supplies, after the original investment in feeding stock has been made.

The total outlay of the Santa Fe railway for operating expense in New Mexico last year was \$7,000,000 in round figures. This gives a slight basis for comparison as to some idea of what this feeding industry will mean to this city; to its merchants and to property values. Even the four-year prediction Mr. Hubbell makes of 200,000 feeding lambs in the valley is sufficiently important to cause rejoicing. It means a yearly income of \$1,400,000, which is considerably more money than is turned loose in this community by even our largest industrial establishment, the Santa Fe shops. And this estimate of income does not include all the by-product and auxiliary industry certain to follow in the wake of such an income. It does not include the certain determining influence in favor of modern farming, which such an industry will exercise.

From many men a forecast of this kind would not be particularly convincing. From a man whose judgment in the sheep industry is respected all over the nation it is entitled to the most respectful consideration, especially in view of the further fact that the man who made the prediction is about to initiate the movement and demonstrate his faith in the industry with a \$100,000 experiment within a few miles of the city limits.

SANTA CLAUS—NEUTRAL.

MMR. GOUVENEUR MORRIS, whose production output of entertaining fiction stands second or third in the national competition among the best sellers, has broken into the limelight and into print in a field which does not promise to enhance his popularity or his reputation for cleverness. In fact Mr. Morris' latest venture in literature shows him to be very shrewd indeed of the need in imaginative breadth and depth, a discovery which will be disappointing to thousands who believed he had both breadth and depth because of the tempest of his usually stirring product. Perhaps it is merely that having transferred his activity from fiction to other things, Mr. Morris' out of his field. The latest work of this author is in the field of diplomacy. He has undertaken what appears to be a serious attempt to engage Santa Claus in the European war, on the side of the entente allies, and particularly on the side of France. In a recent letter to the New York Times Mr. Morris asks the little people of America to write letters to Santa Claus asking for French-made toys, to the exclusion of all others, and especially to the exclusion of German-made toys. Here is a sample paragraph from this letter:

"When you write to Santa Claus this Christmas ask him to send you some toy that was made

in France. There are good reasons for this. France is in great trouble, and every letter containing just such a request will help her. You know we were in great trouble once—when we were weak and little—and she helped us."

"But you answer, my toys were always made in Germany; is it fair to change? Yes, it is fair. It is right. You will make the change for the sake of the American children who were drowned like so many blind kittens when the Germans sank the Lusitania."

Mr. Morris admits himself a French partisan and as such he probably means well, but one cannot say much for his judgment. An effort to arouse passion and prejudice among the children of America at any time is not likely to prove very popular; and such an effort in connection with the Christmas season is likely to bring down upon the novelist much criticism. In fact he has already received a response to his sensational appeal from the neutral newspapers of the nation which should be enough to make him pause in the campaign to draw Santa Claus into the war. The Kansas City Journal for instance says:

"Santa Claus is the one great neutral against whom there can be no charges of favoritism or partisanship. Nor should it be otherwise. There is sorrow enough in this big world today without infecting the hearts of the American children with prejudices and passions. The boy or girl who writes a letter to Santa Claus expressing the natural desires of childhood should not be taught that the toys which Christmas brings are tainted with hate, or that Santa Claus loves the toy-makers of France more than the toy-makers of Germany or Holland."

The hallowed realm of Santa Claus exists as certainly as that the world exists. But it a realm of beauty, love and devotion where there is no war, and where the innocent delights of childhood are the supreme concern. For adults who know more than they should it is bad enough to realize that some of the gifts of Santa Claus this year will be the pathetic tributes of souls overburdened with grief; of widows who have been forced into the fierce combat of labor; of fatherless boys and girls and of maimed men. But what difference does it make whether these toys come from the unhappy towns of France or Germany? Truly he who would boycott the purchases of Santa Claus because of the rumour of war is lacking in that great human sympathy which constitutes the real spirit of Christmas. Let Santa Claus remain neutral."

SOLOS
By the
Second Fiddle.

MELADY'S neck is bare and long. Just why no one of Adam knows. The white hair shoes are for Negel. Also her coat tails and her skirt. Above the belt-line no fur skirt. The cold all goes in the helmet.

UP TO DATE New York girls whose mammas are suffragettes now wear "Votes for women" patches on the bare space between their shoulder blades, when dressed to show the space. What's needed in this situation is an old fashioned patch. Can show how to shrink a bare back.

GREECE by this time is being scattered with the fat already in its body. —

MR. AND MRS. CAIRN OF MIAMI still have named their son "Ferd." Think of the names! That name and it's going up.

MR. MCLIFFE and Lillian's special have left El Paso for other points on the Mexican border in their suggestion of the Mexican situation. It seems a useless expense. According to the El Paso correspondent, if it happens right there.

CROOK TAKES CAR OF STEETS (See Arthur Jones.) Flowers and Rose shipped a sign of store. Theodore, Jesus Crook took the car.

MILITARY experts say it is necessary "to spend time and rope for the car drive in France." Waiting for time to get ripe is even more absurd than a late fruit crop when come are due.

THE NEW YORK professor who wants married men to lead more than half men may be an expert, but we know better. He's about the rules under which marriage is played.

WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS is a charm as purchasing sign. The small emblem with a sword and shield, after furnishing said to make a good sign at the job.

POLITICS makes a mighty poor material for street playacting whether it is used on the basis of the following:

If THEY WOULD just a little more convenient to carry around with us some New Mexico robes for covering

the winter when Father's been

the master again and such

as those that Marjorie's starting now.

On Christmas shopping early.

Off Again On Again
STRICKLAND & GILLILAN

My Tailor

My tailor tails me he is clad
To see me in his little shop.
He does not say my clothes are bad,
For fear my patronage might stop.

But yet he estimates as much,
By looking at me as he does—
He knows that he would get in Dutch

If he should up and say I was.

My tailor gets a blank book out—
A wide one, lying on a desk—
And calls a sleepy man that's stout
And squints with leer that is grotesque.

To go around me with his tape
And see if I am just the same
In my dimensions and my shape—
I'm hep to all this tailor game.

My tailor gets his pencil out
And then repeats what Stubby grunts

As he goes measuring round about

And doing his surveying stunts
"Fourteen"—"fourteen," "arms back,"

And all that grim descriptive stuff—

Though I ignore each cruel crack,

I get their insults, plain enough!

My tailor says, in terms polite,

That I'm knockknob and bottle-necked—

He has nice names for it, all right,

But I've trouble to detect

The meaning of the things that he

And his assistant with the tape

Are saying, as they go 'round me,

And make remarks about my shape!

Flinnigan Filosoxy

"Laugh an' th' world laughs wild ye," an' ut's no trouble in could weather t' git somebody t' take a smile wil ye, nayther.

Photographs

Photographs are what is home without.

People who once had the crudest and coarsest of tastes can now enjoy Bert Williams' "Goin' Some," and "The Preacher and the Bear," and other artistic high-brow triumphs.

To say nothing of "If That's Your Idea of a Wonderful Time."

We know of few rarer pleasures than putting on a record in which Alma Homer and Louise, or some other of the Gluck girls, sings "Abide with Me."

With cold weather coming on, these great singers oughtn't to have to coax much in public to get everybody to abide thus.

To put on a John McCormack with a worn needle insufficiently screwed in, and to let the machine ram the millionaire in the middle of "Mavis," "I'll Be a Yarn Bawling Me"—that is pleasure denied to no one of us in ordinary circumstances.

When the "Mavis" stuff has been pulled apart to where the children are raffish—ranging the meadows for blossoms to throw at Mavis' little satin fingers as she goes to the hot white chaff-chaff-tash in the Valley, and the machine's spring slowly weakens, it seems to us the height of human rapture has about been attained.

Doesn't it?

It one takes some pains to get the greatest possible variety from his machine, he can even sit on a record or two and crack it, after which the quaintest possible effects may be had from throwing the machine into third speed and presenting the "Burlesque" whose middle scene is Jocelyn.

The wording thus becomes:

"Concealed in this, crack, retreat

What'd we have, crack, been sed."

By care misfortune, crack, joined

While weary night, crack, has died,

In visions calm, crack, crack, crack,

and sweet

We together have alibi—crack,

bered,

Or have prayed, crack, while above us

Twinkled stars annum—crack,

crack, crack—bered."

Georgeous stuff—what?

What is home without a talking machine?

We pause for a reply.

Changing it, it pauses

a crossing at a speed of 60 miles an hour.

When you are changing it, it pauses

a crossing at a speed of 60 miles an hour.

things in the same place at the same time. Long after a street car is entirely full, people keep getting into it. We are told by scientists that a street car does not become profitable unless it has a train of passengers hanging from the straps. It is much more comfortable, therefore, to contribute to the expenses of a company than it is to swell its profits. In England they have cars with roof gardens, which enables them to carry two layers of passengers at a time. In this country, however, we are more sensible. We carry three layers in one-story cars. Owing to the exertion of arranging the passengers, our street car conductors break down at an early age and become saddle packers and cotton bakers.

The street car, as its name implies, infests our streets. It can be found either a block ahead of where you are or waiting behind its coal wagons two miles to the rear. It averages six miles an hour when you are aboard and trying to catch a train, but when you are shaking it, it frequently passes a crossing at a speed of 60 miles an hour. Sometimes a trolleyman has run by so many people in the corners that he has to use his trrolley to avoid getting in on them.

There are two kinds of street cars—bad and worse. In the bad kind you have to pay your money before you get in. In the other kind the company takes its chance. In the latter kind the conductor climbs over the passengers to get his fare. In the former the passenger climbs over him. Conductors assume that

they are safe in the belief that the passengers are not so numerous.

Because of the vast number of street cars in America and the wanting popularity of walking as an exercise the rest of this nation will soon be calloused on the upper side only.

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